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All advertisements from strangers, as well as all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference to some responsible and convenient acquaintance.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

Am—"Auld Lang Syne."
Should brave old soldiers be forgot!
Should glorious warriors fall to twine
Wreaths, and glorious wreaths, for those who
Fought.

In days of auld lang syne!
Not as long as life endures will we
Deep in our hearts enshrine
The names of those who made us free
In days of old lang syne.

Proud England, floating o'er her Crown,
And King, and "Rights divine,"
Sent for her slaves to chain us down,
In days of old lang syne:
But freedom's champions averted
They'd make their "Lion" whine;
And nobly did they keep their word,
In days of old lang syne.

They drew a charter strong and full—
Nor did they fear to sign;
The bullet in that pitted John Bull,
And cut in every line,
Among those hearts of flint, whose fire
Lit up the flame benign,
Was Harrison—'Tis his sainted sire—
A Whig of old lang syne.

But not the father's fame alone
Exalts the Soldier Son—
He has bright laurels of his own,
In hard fought battles won;
The Whig's banks—Fort Meigs—the Thames,
Their tributes all combine
To rank him high with those whose names
Were dear in old lang syne.

And who's the VAN BUREN?—where, and when
Did he lead the brave;
Or rise his voice or wield his pen,
Or ope his purse, to save!
While Tip gave fight, he styled the War
"Disastrous" and "mad,"
And richly earned a coat of tar,
As Tories did lang syne.

Let those who love sub-treasury charms,
Or "Hard work and little pay,"
Closed working-shops and "waged farms"—
Extol King Martin's sway.
But we have solemnly affirmed
We will not rest supine
Till Vax shall squirm, as Crowsell squirm'd,
And wriggled—not lang syne!

The knapsack pillow'd HARRY's head,
The land ground he'd his toils;
While Maxine, on his downy bed,
Could dream of nought but "spoils."
And shall the blue-light rule the Free?
Shall Freedom's Star decline?
Forbid it Heaven! forbid it ye
Who bled in old lang syne.

Is HARRISON one whit the worse,
Because he'd not secure,
A Martin did, a long, full purse,
Or "went from office room?"
And does the low "dog cabin" hearth
Unfit Old Tip to shine?
Did no log-homes give Nobles birth
In days of old lang syne!

What though the Hero's hard "huge paws
Were wont to plough," as he saw!
Does that degrade our sacred cause?
Does that degrade him? No!
Whig Farmers are our Nation's nerve,
Its bone—its very spine!
They'll never swerve—they did not swerve
In days of old lang syne.

No ruffled shirt, no silken hose,
No airs does Tip display;
But like "the pith of right," he goes
In home-spun "hold-in-gray."
Upon his board there ne'er appeared
The costly "sparkling wine,"
But plain "Hard Cider" such as cheer'd
In days of old lang syne.

Connecticut has raised the heel
Tip's toes force to bruise;
And keenly do their vitals feel
The tread of "Jersey Blues."
November's ides will give the stroke—
Hard, final, and consign—
A blow like that which snapped the yoke
In days of old lang syne!

Yes, Tip must grudge the big "White House!
(Alas! for groom and cook!)
And "see on Kibbles—stocks must brouse,
At home, sweet home—the 'hook!"
Thrice hail, Old Tip! Log-cabin! Tip!
"Hard-Cider Tip!" to YOU
The helm we give!—hail, Noble Ship!
"Land ho!" the Port's in view!
Huzza! huzza! Kind Heaven be prais'd—
The Star, the Star benign,
Shines bright!—'tis Freedom's Star that blazed
In days of old lang syne.

OLD SCHOARIE.

WHICH IS THE ABOLITIONIST?

In reference to the Anti-Slavery speech of Judge Tappan, the Van Buren Senator from Ohio, the highly respectable editor of the Vermont Telegraph, makes the following remarks: "It is not yet four years since I heard this same Senator Tappan advocating the cause of the slave, in the city of New York. It was a meeting of the 'Vigilance Committee'—an Anti-Slavery meeting of the highest tone. He was not then content with endorsing the Anti-Slavery creed entire! He went further. He was ready to aid in the liberation of the slaves, by force or arms! He was rebuked by his younger brother, by Charles Stuart, and others. But he was as confident as Peter himself. He was ready to go forth with his life in his hand!"

A SIGNIFICANT SIGN.

Among the causes cited by Mr. Ritchie for the signal defeat of the Van Buren party in Virginia, is the fact that a "biography of General Harrison" was circulated in all directions. We are most happy to learn that the democrats of Virginia, the moment they know something of the merits of the old Farmer of North Bend, are deserting Mr. Van Buren. The circulation of this biography will continue to operate until November, and swell the majority in the Old Dominion to many thousands.—*Cin. Rep.*

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JERRESON.

BY CYRIL C. CADY.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

Vol. I.—No. 11.

THE RIGHT HORSE SADDLED.

The "democratic citizens" who contribute to the Hickory Club and the Democrat, and whose walling on account of the free transmission of Cushing's pamphlet life of General Harrison have no doubt been at least sincere, are respectfully referred to the following section of the Post Office law to prove that Mr. Corwin did not violate the law in franking that Biography, (being less than two ounces), and then to the letter which succeeds it, to show who is guilty.

"And be it further enacted, That letters and packets, to and from the following officers of the United States, shall be received and conveyed by post, free of postage: Each postmaster, provided each of his letters or packets shall not exceed half an ounce in weight; each member of the Senate, and each member and delegate of the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States; the Secretary of the Senate and Clerk of the House of Representatives, provided each letter or packet, (except documents printed by the order of either House of Congress) shall not exceed two ounces in weight, and during their actual attendance in any session of Congress, and sixty days before and after such session, and in case of excess of weight that excess shall be paid for."

The statement of the Democratic Citizens: that Mr. Corwin is an Abolitionist is just as true as that he violated the franking privilege—and not a whit more so.

But the following letter from a Virginia member of Congress shows who are guilty—in Congress and in the Post Office. By the way—if Cushing's life of Harrison, as franked by Mr. Corwin, or any other packets which have been franked by Whig members of Congress to the Post Office here, had weighed more than two ounces, would not our vigilant and attentive Postmaster have looked closely into the excess? The Democratic citizens will have to invent a new story—it being evident that in this instance they "saddled the wrong horse."

LETTER FROM MR. BOTTS.

"O Tam, O Tam, thou'lt get thy fair,
In Hell they'll roast thee like a heron."

I observe in the Enquirer of Tuesday, the 7th, an accusation against me for an abuse of the franking privilege, which is too absurd on its very face, (though endorsed by Mr. Ritchie in an editorial paragraph), to excite any other feeling than that of contempt for the malignity that originated it, and pity for the folly that gave countenance to it.

With Mr. Ritchie and his own highly censurable conduct, which shall be exposed here I finish this communication. I should not have troubled myself or the public but for this attempt to assail me through the public prints, in order to screen his friend, who has been assailed in another quarter, whether justifiably or not, I pretend not to say.

It is not the first time this winter that I have had reason to complain of Mr. Ritchie, towards whom I have ever been courteous and civil, for lending the use of his columns to hireling writers to defame me, when he knew that there was not a particle of truth in what he published; and now that he has given circulation to, and endorsed a slander and a calumny which, on its face, proves the folly and wickedness of the charge, I shall avail myself of the occasion to communicate for the benefit of all who may choose to read a few facts, which will make even Mr. Ritchie blush, if he is at all sensible to shame.

This letter writer charges me with having practised a stupendous fraud on the Post Office Department, which is, as I have said before, endorsed by Mr. Ritchie, and is in the following language. He is defending Mr. Roane, and says:

"As far as the law is concerned, Mr. Roane has complied with it in the instance above recited; but to settle the gentleman's squeamishness on the subject, I would inform him that in no instance has the franking privilege been abused to such an extent, coming within my knowledge as that indicated by the Hon. John Minor Botts, who franked the posthumous speech of the Hon. John Davis, of Massachusetts, in reply to Mr. Buchanan. This gentleman made up a bag of the above named speeches, leaving the superscription blank, to be filled up by the members of the Legislature, and addressed it to V. W. Southall, Richmond, which, instead of coming through the channel designated by the law of the land, was sent as a parcel."

Now to this charge, substantially, I plead guilty; though it is not true that I sent them to Mr. Southall. I did send a sack-bag full of Mr. Davis' speech to Richmond, to the care of Wm. H. McFarland, Esq., Chairman of the Central Committee, showing that the Sub-Treasury scheme was supported by Mr. Buchanan, and other friends of the Administration, on the ground that it was calculated to reduce the price of property, and the price of labor, to be distributed equally for among our political friends in the Legislature, to be taken home by them, or directed and sent by mail, as might be most convenient to them; the labor of directing being at least as convenient to them as to me.

I wish I had another sack-bag to send off in the same way—I would, if it were in my power, put that document in the hands of every reading and reflecting man in Virginia, and would trouble the United States Mail to carry them for me, if I believed they would be distributed in time for the elections, and should think it was rendering my State and my country an essential service in so doing. Now let them make the most of it.

This was the abuse of the franking privilege complained of. It was for this that I am held up in the columns of the Enquirer as committing a fraud on the Government, because I chose to pay the freight on my own pocket, and the Government was bound to carry for me, without compensation, if I had required it.

I had supposed that the frauds usually complained of were such as Mr. Ritchie has himself been guilty of in sending papers and packages prohibited by law, and not for seeking a private convenience for such as the law authorized me to send free of postage.

Mr. Ritchie, I suppose, would be satisfied that I should stop here after pleading guilty to the charge of sending documents as freight; but for his information, as well as others, I will furnish him with the principal reason that influenced me in that course—it was because I was afraid to trust them in the hands of the Post Office Department, on account of the daily frauds that are practised on every Whig member of Congress who undertakes to exercise the privilege of franking documents to his constituents, calculated to expose the hypocrisy, selfishness, the profligacy, and corruption of the Government.

And now for an instance in point.

On the second day of February last, I sent to the Post Office in this city several hundred copies of my first speech on the New Jersey contested election, directed to the Richmond Post Office—on the 13th of the same month, I went to Richmond myself, and had many applications from personal friends, for a copy of the speech I had sent nearly a fortnight before. I repaired to the Post Office to ascertain whether those documents had been stopped in Washington, or if they had been received in Richmond, why they had not been distributed. Nobody could give me any information on the subject; but in looking about the office, I

observed a mail-bag under the counter, filled with something, and the mouth of the bag untied; I asked what it contained; one of the clerks said he didn't know; I looked in it, and found my frank on every paper in view; I then asked how long that bag had been in the office, but no one could tell; on emptying its contents, it was found to contain nothing else but my documents, by which it would appear that they had been separated from every thing else: whether in Richmond or Washington, I know not.

Does any man in his sober senses believe that if those papers had been franked by a political friend of the Administration, they would have been unceremoniously laid under the counter? If he does, he is lamentably ignorant of the present state of things.

Believing that there could be no design on the part of the young gentlemen in the office (who are all young men, taking little or no part in politics), to arrest the distribution of documents franked by me, I complained to the Postmaster (Col. Gooch) himself, who said he did not know how long they had been there, but it was possible they might have been detained by the state of the roads.

It is not possible for me to say how long they had been in that office—I only speak of the facts as they occurred; but I know that other papers, mailed subsequently to them, had been received and distributed at that office, and that these papers had been detained improperly for ten days somewhere; and I also know that they should have been distributed as soon as received, and that the bag had been opened and laid aside under the counter, with no purpose of having the documents distributed at that time.

It is remarkable, then, that I should prefer to send my documents as freight, rather than trust them through the Post Office again, if I was anxious for their immediate and certain delivery!

But more than this—I have daily applications from friends in different sections of the State for documents I sent them many weeks ago, which shows that there are other offices where the same scheme is practised.

Whether this is a case calling for the interposition of our scrupulous Postmaster General, (who does not hesitate to charge members of Congress with practising frauds, for all I know, on good grounds), or not, I leave to him to determine.

Here I take occasion to say that I exonerate the clerks from all blame; I look only to the salaried officers, whose duty it is to see that all papers and letters reaching his office, are properly and promptly distributed.

But the secret of this complaint against me on the part of Mr. Ritchie and his correspondent, is two-fold—first, that I did not furnish the opportunity to the officers of Government to stop my papers; and secondly, that I adopted the safest means of circulating information among the People calculated to strip them of the power they so shamefully abuse.

Now let me tell Mr. Ritchie that I should meet with no difficulty in franking a bed-tick, and sending it by mail to any part of the United States, provided I would fill it with that dirty and mendacious little sheet called the "Crisis," published by him.

Now hear! Is it not remarkable that Mr. Ritchie should have the unblushing effrontery to charge me with a fraud on the Post Office Department, (when, in fact, he is not entitled to, amounting to the use of my privilege as any other member of Congress, no matter who he is), because I have declined the privilege of sending my papers through the public channels, which I am authorized by law to use, whilst he, entitled to no such privilege, is daily practising the grossest and most unpardonable frauds, by sending his newspapers and other documents to members of Congress, to be franked by them, through the channel designated by the law of the land, and I shall commit it to the hands of some friend, who will be sure to deliver it safe and without delay, for fear it may find its way under the counter, until after the elections are over, as it will be directed to the editors of a Whig newspaper, and may be supposed to contain important political matter.

I apprehend it would be useless to ask Mr. Ritchie to give his letter a place in the Enquirer and "Crisis," but if he would, I might be induced to relieve his political friends of a portion of their labors, by franking a few of them myself.

Very respectfully,
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"If he has been reported rightly, Harrison is a man of no ordinary promise. War has been his favorite study. At a very early age, he was with Wayne in his famous campaign against the Indians. A gentleman of very high standing, who held an important post under him during the late war, commends him to Washington. He is as circumspect as he is enterprising—as prudent in collecting the means of an attack, as he is vigorous in striking the blow."

RICHMOND ENQUIRER, 10th Oct., 1841.—Referring to the Battle of the Thames:

"We have not words to express the joy which we feel for the victory of Harrison—never have we seen the public pulse beat so high. We rejoice not only because we well may, but because we so much for the splendor of this achievement as for the solid benefits which it will produce. Yet, in point of splendor, we have no reason to believe that when we receive the official accounts we shall sustain any disappointment. The skill with which the plan was combined for overreaching the flying enemy, the small portion of Harrison's force which were able to come up and cope with him, consisting principally of Mounted Rangers under Johnson and Ball, and the short period in which the victory was achieved will, we are inclined to suspect, impart to it the character of the most gallant and brilliant achievement. But its solid benefits require no official accounts to embellish them; almost every eye sees them, and almost every tongue can tell them. It gives security to the frontier. Ohio may now sleep in security. The trembling mother that nightly used to clasp her infant to her breast, may rock its cradle in peace. The chain which bound the red man to the English white man is broken." &c. &c.

"These benefits we owe to the intrepidity of Perry, who paved the way, and to Harrison, whose skill, prudence, and zeal, have at length reaped their just reward. This gallant General has now put all his enemies to shame. After struggling with difficulties under which an ordinary man would have sunk, after passing through a wilderness of morass and mud, so difficult of success, that the wagon horses could not carry provender enough to support them during the journey, he reached the consummation of all his labors; he repulsed the forces of Hull; he wiped out the stain which he had cast upon our arms; he stands on the ruins of Maize; he muzzles the Indian war dog; and proves

to the world, that Americans want only an opportunity to display the same gallantry on the shore which they have upon the wave."

But again—in the spring of 1841, a proposition was made in Congress to create the office of Lieutenant General. Disasters had attended our arms on the Niagara and St. Lawrence. No one doubted the valor of our troops; but a General was wanted to inspire them with confidence and lead them to victory. Gen. Harrison had been the most successful of our commanders. He therefore was nominated for the elevated office in the following fervent and patriotic language, written by the present Editor of the Enquirer. After referring to various acts of gallantry by our troops, the Enquirer pronounced:

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"Where are we to meet with such a leader? By what qualifications are we to know him? He must not be merely brave, but bold and enterprising and decisive—always seeking an opportunity to strike at his enemy. He must be as prudent as he is brave—always seeking for information to regulate the blow; he must be abstemious in his habits, not too much given to the pleasures of the table; but his mind always devoted to the exercise of arms. He must have an eagle's eye, forever on the watch, inspecting the condition of his camp, and inducing every responsible officer to attend to the discipline of his duty. Sloth and indolence must flee from his presence. His officers respect and fear him, while his men love and respect him. He is ambitious of fame, but he studies best how to deserve it. He is attached to arms—not so much because it is his business, as his pleasure."

"If any one should ask where such a man is to be met with—I will answer to the best of our abilities, in the man who has wasted away the diseases of Detroit; who had every thing to collect for a new campaign, and who got every thing together; who waded through morasses and snows, and surmounted the most frightful climate in the Union; the man who was neither to be daunted by disaster, nor difficulties under any shape; by the skill of the civilized or the barbarity of a savage foe, the man who won the hearts of the people by his spirit, the respect of his officers by his zeal, the love of his army by his participation of their hardships—the man who was finally triumphant over his enemy. Such a man is WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON."

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I hope some contrast will be found between his course of conduct and mine, in availing himself of a privilege that he is not entitled to, amounting to absolute smuggling, and declining a privilege that the law authorizes me to exercise; yet I am to be assailed by him as the aggressor, and he to escape free.

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From the Richmond Enquirer.
January 9, 1841.
"Gen. Harrison, in spite of the difficulties which surround him, seems determined to press on to Detroit. Neither the cold nor the badness of the roads can deter him from his enterprise. If he fails, the benefit will excise him, on account of the difficulties which encompass his path. If he succeeds, those very difficulties will enhance the lustre of his success."

"If he has been reported rightly, Harrison is a man of no ordinary promise. War has been his favorite study. At a very early age, he was with Wayne in his famous campaign against the Indians. A gentleman of very high standing, who held an important post under him during the late war, commends him to Washington. He is as circumspect as he is enterprising—as prudent in collecting the means of an attack, as he is vigorous in striking the blow."

RICHMOND ENQUIRER, 10th Oct., 1841.—Referring to the Battle of the Thames:

"We have not words to express the joy which we feel for the victory of Harrison—never have we seen the public pulse beat so high. We rejoice not only because we well may, but because we so much for the splendor of this achievement as for the solid benefits which it will produce. Yet, in point of splendor, we have no reason to believe that when we receive the official accounts we shall sustain any disappointment. The skill with which the plan was combined for overreaching the flying enemy, the small portion of Harrison's force which were able to come up and cope with him, consisting principally of Mounted Rangers under Johnson and Ball, and the short period in which the victory was achieved will, we are inclined to suspect, impart to it the character of the most gallant and brilliant achievement. But its solid benefits require no official accounts to embellish them; almost every eye sees them, and almost every tongue can tell them. It gives security to the frontier. Ohio may now sleep in security. The trembling mother that nightly used to clasp her infant to her breast, may rock its cradle in peace. The chain which bound the red man to the English white man is broken." &c. &c.

"These benefits we owe to the intrepidity of Perry, who paved the way, and to Harrison, whose skill, prudence, and zeal, have at length reaped their just reward. This gallant General has now put all his enemies to shame. After struggling with difficulties under which an ordinary man would have sunk, after passing through a wilderness of morass and mud, so difficult of success, that the wagon horses could not carry provender enough to support them during the journey, he reached the consummation of all his labors; he repulsed the forces of Hull; he wiped out the stain which he had cast upon our arms; he stands on the ruins of Maize; he muzzles the Indian war dog; and proves

to the world, that Americans want only an opportunity to display the same gallantry on the shore which they have upon the wave."

But again—in the spring of 1841, a proposition was made in Congress to create the office of Lieutenant General. Disasters had attended our arms on the Niagara and St. Lawrence. No one doubted the valor of our troops; but a General was wanted to inspire them with confidence and lead them to victory. Gen. Harrison had been the most successful of our commanders. He therefore was nominated for the elevated office in the following fervent and patriotic language, written by the present Editor of the Enquirer. After referring to various acts of gallantry by our troops, the Enquirer pronounced:

"On the Thames they were crowned with a brilliant victory, because they had a HARRISON to lead them. New glories would have enfolded them at Montreal, if their commanders had conducted them to the walls. Give us officers but worthy of these men, and no troops in the world would be able to vanquish them."

"Where are we to meet with such a leader? By what qualifications are we to know him? He must not be merely brave, but bold and enterprising and decisive—always seeking an opportunity to strike at his enemy. He must be as prudent as he is brave—always seeking for information to regulate the blow; he must be abstemious in his habits, not too much given to the pleasures of the table; but his mind always devoted to the exercise of arms. He must have an eagle's eye, forever on the watch, inspecting the condition of his camp, and inducing every responsible officer to attend to the discipline of his duty. Sloth and indolence must flee from his presence. His officers respect and fear him, while his men love and respect him. He is ambitious of fame, but he studies best how to deserve it. He is attached to arms—not so much because it is his business, as his pleasure."

"If any one should ask where such a man is to be met with—I will answer to the best of our abilities, in the man who has wasted away the diseases of Detroit; who had every thing to collect for a new campaign, and who got every thing together; who waded through morasses and snows, and surmounted the most frightful climate in the Union; the man who